

The Poet's Corner.

HUMAN HEARTS.

Some hearts go hanging through the world
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride and scars are curled
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eye may flash, the morn may smile,
The voice may murmur, the heart, the smile,
Are made by phantom, love, or woe,
The shadows of dreams of light,
Fair to their eyes, but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

These know their doom, and walk their way
With level steps and steadiest eyes,
Not strive with fate nor weep nor pray—
While others, not so safe, the smile,
Are made by phantom, love, or woe,
The shadows of dreams of light,
Fair to their eyes, but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

They see them gazing from wistful eyes,
I mark their sigh of failing checks;

I hear them breathe in smothered sighs,
And note the grief that never speaks;

For love, for life, for death, the smile,
No eye with pity is impressed.

Or, miscrentured and suffering long;
O, hearts that hunger through the world!

G, eager eyes which gaze afar!

O, arms which clasp the empty air!

Not all myured your sorrows are,

Not all myured your sorrows are,